WHITE-HALL in FLAMES.

A

Pindarick Poem.

Occasion'd by

The late Burning

OF THAT

Royal Palace.

By Mr. TUTCHIN.

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To the Right Honourable the Earl of MONTAGU, *Viſcount Mount* Hermon, *Baron* Montagu, *Maſter of His Majeſty's* Wardrobe, *and one of His Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-Council.*

My LORD,

TO prefix a noble Name to ſo inconſiderable a *Trifle* as this, may juſtly be eſteem'd a piece of the higheſt Arrogance; but the weakeſt Things need the greateſt Suport: Nor can we blame a deſpicable Animal for retiring to a noble Shelter. The late *Conflagration*, which has made a ruinous Heap of the *Royal Palace*, muſt needs affect the moſt ſordid Spirits, much more thoſe of the *Court*, in whoſe *Horizon*, Your *Lordſhip* is a Star of the

firſt

first Magnitude: From a juſt Reſentment of this great Loſs, the Deſtruction of the *Royal Palace* of our *Britiſh Monarchs*, did I attempt the following *Poem*; its haſty Performance will admit of no Beauties in it, being writ in far leſs time than the *Royal Palace* was burning: And therefore if *Your Lordſhip* commit it to the *Flames*, from whence it had its Original, I ſhall not eſteem it a too rigorous Sentence: But Experience has taught me, That *Your Lordſhip* can diſpence Your Favours where there is no Merit, which embolden'd me to take this Opportunity of deſiring the continuance of them to,

My very good LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt oblig'd,

devoted humble Servant,

JOHN TUTCHIN.

White-Hall in FLAMES.

A

Pindarick POEM.

Occasion'd by the late Burning, &c.

I.

HOW many turns of Fate we Mortals find,
While Life's dull Pilgrimage we go?
How weak our Bulwarks prove
When storm'd by Almighty *Jove*?
Who hoards up Thunder, Storms of Rain and Wind;
Sometimes he darts his Bolts, his Billows rave,
His forked Lightning spreads, his Winds do blow;
Raises the Mother Waters from their Cell,
In Earthy Caverns where they dwell,
And for their infant Springs apartments have:

Sometimes unlinks the Chains of the vaſt Sea,
Which now no longer do the Rocks obey,
But overflow and drown the fertile Earth,
Which had from *Jove* its Form and its Birth:
Unbiaſs'd Fate does not preferr
The Kingly Palaces
To the low Hovel of the Cottager;
Alike o'er both the Waves increaſe;
'Twixt Prince and Peaſant no diſtinction's found,
In the ſame Waves they ſwim, in the ſame Deluge drown'd.

II.

Fate has ten thouſand other ways,
Our fond eſtabliſh'd Hopes to raze,
The Winds, the Clouds, the Sea, the Land,
Waiting its beck and motion ſtand,
And trembling Nature is at its command.
Jove ſpeaks the Word,
And the whole Machine ſhakes,
The Storms do roar, and Lightnings fly,
With pointed *Terror*, round th' affrighted Sky:
Here the Earth opens, there it quakes:
Fate whets its broad deſtroying Sword.
No Enemy more dangerous is,

It's Warriors fierce and cruel do ſurpriſe,
Their fatal Darts do ſeldom miſs ;
Fate fights, and kills, and lays on heaps ;
A bloody Harveſt reaps ;
Yet all it's Weapons undiſcover'd by our Eyes.

III.

But one more dreadful than the reſt,
No pois'nous Serpent, nor no ſavage Beaſt,
Thirſting for Blood, does thro' the Foreſt roar,
Nor with more eagerneſs the Prey devour :
When Fate this Inſtrument aſſumes,
It human Minds with Terror fills,
Without diſtinction kills ;
All things before it, it conſumes,
Before it all things fall ;
This Inſtrument of Death, we *Fire* call :
A ſtrange rapacious Foe,
Ten thouſand *Hydra's* does contain ;
If to diſmember it we go,
Prolifick Embers ſtill remain,
Which Fate puffs up unto a blaze :
The direful Flames increaſe,
Curling their Head, and darting Death
At the unthinking Crowd beneath,
Storm our Houſes, and our Buildings raze.

IV.

But why ſhould Fate command its Flames
Our mighty *WILLIAM*'s Palace to attack?
Did it a Subject lack?
To wreak its Vengeance on?
It might as well have gone
To the Extreams
Of the cold icy frozen North,
Where the chill'd Mortals Heat require;
They would have thank'd it for its Fire.
If nought but Kingly Palaces
Could Fates devouring Wrath appeaſe;
It might as well have ſent its *Engine* forth
Towards the ſultry Regions of the South;
There, there it might a Tyrant find,
Neither to Laws of God nor Man confin'd;
There, there it might with equal Rage devour,
With equal Fury ſeiſe
His Palaces;
As he his Subjects with Deſpotick Pow'r:
Thoſe Regions yield
Monarchs, that ſpend their Days
In Luxury and Eaſe,
And dread the Hardſhips of a Martial Field:

The Tenement does hold
A Prince, who ne'er his Valour ſhew,
Who ne'er a glorious Action knew;
In Battels weak, in Murders bold;
Fooliſh, yet inſolent and proud;
Contemn'd, and hated by the Crowd;
Was a fit Subject for the Hate,
The Rage, and Fury of devouring Fate.

V.

WILLIAM, whoſe Fame does brighter ſhine,
Than all the Praiſe dull Annals boaſt,
Of mighty *Cæſar*, *Conſtantine*,
Pompey, or all that ancient Race:
No greater Man did e'er Command an Hoſt!
Brighter by far,
His Vertues are,
Than the bright Fire,
In which his Princely Palace did expire.
A River cou'd not once his Paſſage ſtop,
When on the Banks the Forces join,
And draw their large Battalions up,
Of His and *England*'s Foes;

He bravely did their Front oppoſe,
Drove Death before Him thro' th' affrighted *Boyn*.
But who to fight with Flames did go?
A ſtrange uncommon Foe!
Yet had there been,
Beyond the Flames, an *Army* ſeen,
An Enemy ne'r ſo brave,
Deſigning *England* to enſlave,
He ſoon His Country had reveng'd,
Paſs'd through the Flames unhurt, unſing'd.

VI.

The Flames do now uſurp the Sway;
The ſlaviſh Buildings their Commands obey:
Vulcan, the gaſtly God of Fire,
Quits his Command,
His deform'd *Cyclops* ſtand
Amas'd, and at the raging Flames admire.
The Flames no difference do know,
Without diſtinction go,
From Servants Lodgings, to each beauteous Pile;
Each gawdy Tenement annoy;
With crackling Horror ſpread

O'r

O're every Vulgar and each Noble Head,
And with impetuous Fury do deſtroy
The ancient Glory of our *Britiſh Iſle.*
Vaſt Crowds reſort;
Rous'd by the dread report:
They come, and tremble as they ſtand,
Their ſinking Spirits can't their Limbs command:
All in amaze,
They at the dreadful Fire gaze;
Lament the Death of the expiring Court.

VII.

But ſome, more vig'rous than the reſt,
With leſs Confuſion fill'd,
Th' increaſing Flames beheld:
More active Courage they expreſt,
Some take their Buckets to the *Thames*;
Whoſe winding Silver Streams
Do now but gently flow,
Stopping their Courſe, as if they meant to know
How the Illuſtrious Buildings were.
The affrighted *Fiſh* retire
To th' other ſide, they ſaw the diſmal Fire,

And thought each Flame a Kitchen there.
One takes the Water, and enrag'd,
Is with the Flames engag'd.
The Flames paſt at him ſwift as Fate,
And he as ſwift does with his Buckets fence.
His Ammunition by the Fire dry'd,
He's by the Crowd with a freſh force ſupply'd:
When he does fight at ſuch a Rate,
You'd think him a *Colloſſe* of Braſs;
From whence
Water did ſpout; but Flames do paſs
Around his Head, and he is forc'd to yield,
Leaving the Victor in a conquer'd Field.

VIII.

But what is Force in ſuch Extreams?
And who can fence with *Flames*?
To Policy they now retire;
Since they can't conquer, they contrive
To ſtop the force of the inſulting *Fire*:
They do their utmoſt, hard they ſtrive,
They think it proper to remove
Such Parts above,

On which the Fire next would ſeize :
Strait one aſcends unto the top,
Hoping it's Violence to ſtop ;
As ſoon as he the *Flames* attack'd,
He was by others back'd :
None prov'd more deſperate than theſe :
Of theſe, thoſe Giants had but little odds,
Who on *Olympus* Hill oppos'd the Gods.
The *Flames* new Methods too purſue,
They do their hidden Force renew ;
And while theſe Men aloft do go,
They ſlily burn below ;
United *Flames* combine
The Buildings t' undermine,
While the bold *Heroes* on the top do crawl,
They the Foundations ſap,
And dire miſhap ;
The *Heroes* with the Buildings downwards fall.

IX.

This Project failing they retire
To other Methods, how to ſtop the Fire ;
They find in vain they ſtrove,

Water does unſucceſsful prove ;
One thinks it right,
Such bold attempting Foes
They with new Fire ſhould oppoſe,
And with their own inſulting Weapons fight.
The Guards are now to their aſſiſtance brought :
Thoſe Guards which breathe
Nothing but Blood and Death ;
Whoſe Valour all the wondring World admires ;
In Head of whom our mighty *WILLIAM* fought,
Large Trophies won,
Immortal Garlands of Renown :
Acquainted with more dread and diſmal Fires,
Theſe preſently prepare
The horrid Inſtruments of War,
Their helliſh Powder place
Within the Walls, compreſs'd by weight,
They lay their Trains, and ſtraight
The mighty Blow is heard ;
Which makes even *Fate* it ſelf afraid ;
Which ſtanding by, ſtares the attempters in the face,
Aſham'd to own
Its ſelf by human Gallantry outdone.

X.

Had *WILLIAM* but as many *Foes*
As Sparks do from theſe *Flames* ariſe;
Or Sands we in the Mortar find,
Which does the Buildings in contiguous order bind,
How willingly wou'd they oppoſe?
How daringly deſpiſe
His and the Nations Enemies?
With Him they've paſt
Regions, o're deſolate and waſte;
With Him they've gone
Pinch'd by the Cold and ſcorch'd by the hot Sun;
Have ſometimes cut their Paſſage thro' the Sreams;
But who, the Devil, can contend with *Flames*?
Which if we do in one Place rout,
Strait in another do break out,
And do Deſtruction o're the whole diſpenſe;
In vain we fence,
In vain we ſtrive,
Our Deſtiny we can't retrieve,
Or Limits to their waſting Fury give;
Their Rage admits no bar;
Curling their Head, they threaten Death from far.

XI.

But now another ſort of Men appear,
Compleatly arm'd for the fiery War,
For ſuch like Enterpriſes train'd,
And have long time the Guards remain'd
Of fair *Auguſta*, when inſulting Fire
Her Houſes did attack,
Theſe did oppoſe
And quell'd her fiery Foes;
Reſcu'd at once their Wealth and State,
From the dire Inſults of Fate:
As great *Æneas* on his Back
Bore thro' the Flames his aged Sire.
But Fate afraid that theſe
Wou'd the deſtroying Flames appeaſe,
With greater force drives on
The fell Deſtruction:
Around the Palace does its *Engines* ſend,
With greater Fury than before;
The Flames devour,
They crackle, blaze, and roar,
Their Force on every Angle bend;
Nor Brick, nor Stone, nor Wood they ſpare,
But all things fall in this deſtructive War.

XII.

Of *White-Hall* now is only left the Name,
Its Beauty's gone
Does like the *Æthiops* lie,
Which in hot *Affrick*'s ſandy Regions fry,
Scorch'd by the Heat of a more Torrid Sun:
Here Houſes levell'd with the Ground,
There Heaps of Rubbiiſh lie;
Yonder are mangl'd Pillars found,
Whole Stacks of Chimnies thrown,
And Bricks like Bullets blown,
Do upwards fly,
As if they meant to attempt the Bulwarks of the Sky:
All the ſame Fate muſt have,
One common Grave;
All muſt in Univerſal Ruine lie.
Scarce could the Induſtry,
Of *Machiavilian* Policy,
Save from devouring Fate,
The Books and Records of the *Britiſh* State.

XIII.

To every Angle now the Flames extend
With rapid Force,
Without Remorſe,
In pieces rend,
Buildings which did ſome hundred Years engage,
Th' Aſſaults of eating Time and Age.
But now, behold
How rav'nous and how bold,
The impious Flames do ſeiſe
On Great *MARIA*'s Lodging Place:
The Great *MARIA*, whoſe bleſt Name we own,
Tho' to th' *Ætherial* Regions She is gone:
Had She been living now,
With ſuch a Face, and ſuch a Brow,
She would the raging Deſtinies oppoſe,
And quell theſe ſcorching Foes:
That Fate in vain ſhou'd its dull Tapers light,
Augmented by the darkneſs of of the Night:
Its yielding Fire,
Before Her brighter Vertues wou'd retire;
As the pale Luſtre of the nightly Moon,
Retreats before the riſing of the Sun.

XIV.

Let Fate Her Lodgings now engage,
There try its utmoſt Rage,
Thither no Succour ſend, give no Relief;
What does of Her remain,
Can but augment our Pain;
Her very Mem'ry does increaſe our Grief:
Juſt as She went away
To the bleſt Empires of Eternal Day,
Had Fate its Lightning ſent,
And rummag'd all its Stores of Death,
Depriv'd unhappy Mortals of their Breath;
How eaſily we cou'd prevent
Its raging Force,
And ſtop its Courſe:
Then, then our Tears did freely flow,
Whoſe briny Deluge wou'd the Fire quench;
The mournful Flood
Would drown'd its Fury, and it wou'd
Its thirſty Soul in briny Liquor drench:
We then could Fate it ſelf ſurpriſe;
Sunk in the mighty Deluge of our Eyes.

XV.

Juſt as the undigeſted *Chaos* lay,
When Time and all the Elements did commence,
Form'd by Omnipotence,
And gaſtly Night did uſher in the Day:
Juſt ſo the Palace lies in pieces burſt;
Rude as the World when 'twas created firſt.
But while we do relate
The dire Decrees, reſolves of Fate,
And of its Juſtice, do enquire,
Why ſhould this Palace thus be purg'd with Fire?
Here 'twas that Helliſh Plot was laid,
Which of our City one great *Bonfire* made;
Contriv'd by thoſe
Whoſe numerous Crimes augment their Parents Score,
And vilely had before,
Burnt their ſolemn *Leagues*, and broke both *Vow* and *Oaths*.
When the vaſt Deluge overflow'd the Earth,
It gave the drownded World a better Birth:
London did thus from heaps of Rubbiſh riſe,
Start up with Piramids do threat the Skies.
Thus may the Royal Palace, brought ſo low,
A *Phœnix* riſe, in comely Order too,
Glorious as mighty *WILLIAM* is in Deeds,
O're-topping all, as Giants common Heads.

FINIS.

prudently?
As to the cause of constitutional liberty, where is the man who has so triumphantly upheld that sacred cause as

prudently?

As to the cause of constitutional liberty, where is the man who has so triumphantly upheld that sacred cause as the DUKE OF WELLINGTON? Where would the liberties of Britain and the other nations of Europe have been at this hour but, under Providence, for him? And when he held the powers of Government at home, at what time was the Royal patronage more purely and more honestly administered than by his hands?

What have such men as these to gain by upholding abuses? Possessing reputation, honour, and wealth, their dearest interests are bound up with those of their country, and must ever remain so.

The tyrannical spirit of those who now seek, under the guise of Reformers, to guide the public mind, is offensive to the national character. They tell the KING, "If your Majesty shall venture to select your Ministers out of any other than one section of public men, whom we choose to call Reformers, we will, as far as in us lies, subvert your Government—we will return Members to Parliament who will oppose every measure it may bring forward." Is this, indeed, the liberty of Englishmen? Are such men as those who have been adverted to to be for ever excluded from devoting their talents and experience to the service of their Country?

If the King, in the exercise of his Royal judgment, withdrew his confidence from his late Ministers, was he the first to do so? Did not EARL GREY, Mr. STANLEY, SIR JAMES GRAHAM, the DUKE OF RICHMOND, the EARL OF RIPON, set his Majesty the example? Did not they successively withdraw from the late Government because they could no longer act with it?

Electors of the City of London! Suffer not yourselves to be deluded by words without meaning. Act upon the plain dictates of common sense and British feeling.

Return to Parliament those who will give to the King's Ministers a fair trial—who will not pledge themselves beforehand to condemn unheard—men who will uphold that Constitution under which we have so long flourished—who will carry on the work of REFORM WITHOUT DESTRUCTION, and will, without party violence, give to all measures which may be brought before them a cool, candid, and honest examination. Such men are

LYALL, WARD, & WILSON.

MATTHIAS PRIME LUCAS, *Chairman.*

City of London Tavern, Jan. 2, 1835.

THOMAS HOWELL, *Deputy Chairman.*

The Committee sit daily at the City of London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, where all Communications regarding the Election will be thankfully received.

R. Clay, Printer, Bread-street-hill.

LYALL, WARD, & WILSON.

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